

FORWARD



Vol. II
No. 1

Edited in the interests of the Students of
St. Joseph's College
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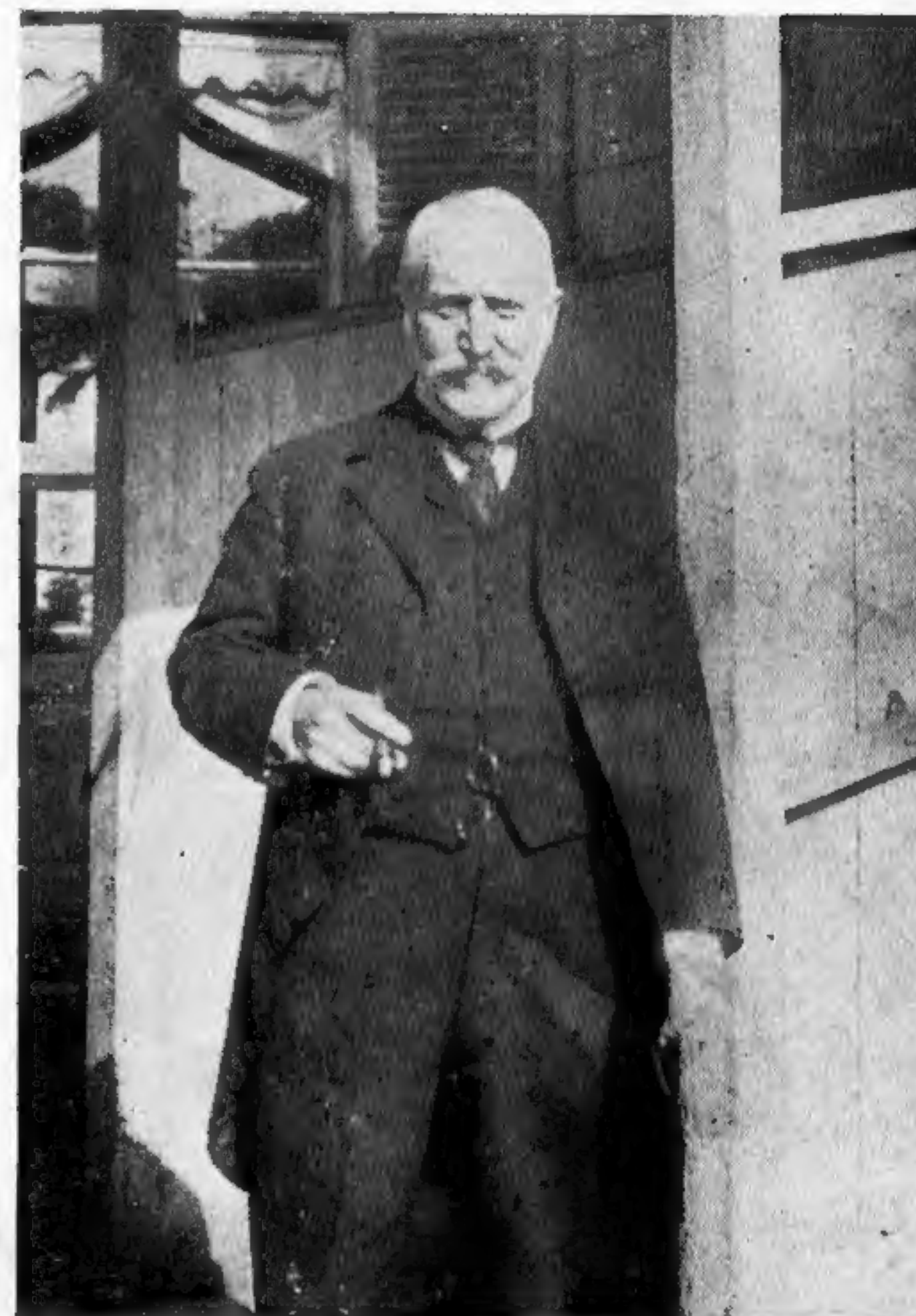
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MR. G. H. SCIDMORE

In Memoriam.

DEATH has claimed a victim dear to the College. The unexpected passing away of Mr. G. S. Seidmore, the beloved and congenial Consul General of the U. S. A. came upon the Yokohama Foreign Community like a thunderbolt from a clear sky.

The College was deeply affected. Mr. G. Seidmore was to pay us a visit in the near future, and see how the work of the new building was progressing. God's ways are different from ours. Instead of the expected visit we hear of the Consul's sudden demise.

Few persons in the city took more interest in the College than did the Consul General. For years he had been a great friend of the late Mr. A. Rambach, and through him of the College. More than once he came to encourage the teachers and students. The Graduates of 1922 will not easily forget that they have been the happy recipients of his favors.

Your Memory, Dear Mr. Seidmore, will stay with us. We will always remember with pleasure your unobtrusive enquiries and encouragements. May God reward you for your untiring kindness to us, and may He let you rest in peace together with your venerated mother whom you loved so tenderly.

To Miss R. E. Seidmore we extend our heartfelt sympathies; with her we mourn over the loss of her dear and only brother.

In Memoriam

The Faculty and Student Body of St. Joseph's College express their deepest sympathy to Theodore Olsen of the Senior Class. It has pleased God to call to Himself Theodore's mother.

May her soul rest in peace with God.

FORWARD

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85 Bluff, Yokohama, Japan

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LITERARY

The Justice of Fate

C. VAN ZANDT '23.

I WALKED down the gloomy gas lit street until I came to the old six story factory building, and going up to the side door I knocked as directed in the mysterious note. The building was an old frame structure; it had originally been a factory but had long since fallen into disuse.

Suddenly the door in front of me opened; a hushed voice whispered, "Come in." I stepped in and found myself confronted by a very peculiar hunchback individual with a jagged scar on his chin that gave to his face a permanent leer. In one hand he held a flash light, with the other he motioned me to follow him. He led me up a series of stairs, the lamp casting weird shadows about like so many coal black monsters dancing in the light. When we reached the top my guide stopped me at a door. Again that hushed voice sounded, "Here we are." He turned the knob, the door squeaked and groaned on its rusty hinges; I hesitatingly stepped in. The room was large and filled with a greenish light that seemed to come from nowhere. In the middle was a fantastic instrument of yellow glass; it was about ten feet high, cylindrical in shape and had a door opening towards me. Queer shaped metallic electrodes were placed about its interior, from which wires led to apparatus in the room.

A sudden hysterical laugh burst out, a laugh that chilled my blood. Turning, I found the source: a tall thin old man with a bald head. As his glistening eyes roved round in that unearthly light, chills crept up and down my spine

for I knew he could mean no good. He started speaking in a shrill tremulous voice. "Well, you showed up eh? Ha! Ha! I knew you would. When you start in Radio you always go lunny, Ha! Ha! I wrote you I had something about Radio no one else has ever seen yet, didn't I? And I said I was going to let you be the first ever to see it work,—Eh Dak?" he asked the hunchback, and they both broke into hysterical laughter.

All about the room was apparatus for some mysterious purpose. Motors purred, long rows of triode valves burned with a bluish light, ominous coils, condensers, dials and switches adorned the wall and table and predominating over all, a fantastic glass cage. Suddenly something clasped my wrists, and my feet became useless thru some vice-like instrument. I struggled with all my might, in dread of what lay before me. After a moment of this terror I calmed and as my senses returned to normalcy I knew it was useless to resist those scientific maniacs, for such I now saw them to be. The two lunatics laughed and chatted away like children, their faces distorted in the throes of insanity. The bald-headed one spoke, "You fool of humanity; you who would solve the principles of science and apply them, you are all on the wrong track, and bound to destroy the earth. I am the only man ever to be successful in solving the control of atomic energy. Ah, and you who above all crimes, experiment with your Hertzian waves and your oscillations, the very things that would

cause the destruction of matter. And you, one of the leaders of this so called Radio, are now going to be done with, as you would do to the earth, decomposed to your atomic origin."

With this, both men stepped into the glass cage and arranged to pull me inside, for I was on the floor without, unable to move. But, suddenly somewhere a switch closed, the door slammed shut on the two within, motor generators roared and transformers buzzed. The whole interior turned to a blood red, the two inside writhed and strained as though in conflict with some unearthly monster; their screams of terror and agony were horrible as they seemed to melt away: they turned to hazy outlines and then gradually faded to no-

thing, as the red interior increased to a thick ruby color. Shortly after this terrible change, the action stopped; the lights in the tubes went out, the motors died down and the room became as silent as death. The time-switch had closed before the calculated moment and had caused awful death for the two discoverers of what man knows nothing of. So powerful had been the action within the cage that the metal clasps on my feet and hands had been dissociated into free atoms, owing to the attraction of metals for atomic fields. My body escaped, because it was immune to such atomic currents.

As soon as I could gather my wits I made my way out of the old building and in a dazed condition reached home.

On Choosing the Place for Your Next Holiday

By JOHN S. BOYD '19.

HAVING just concluded a nice long holiday myself, I wish to say that taking a rest at the seaside is one of those things which a man does against his reason, instinct, intuition and better judgment.

It's a little different in Japan, I know, where poor mortals are forced to choose between Karuizawa and Society Beach, between Kamakura and Nikko, but I don't think my generalisations will be too particular not to include you. Of course, I am talking about Scotland.

Every June, as the British winter becomes a trifle milder, the seaside posters—those annual masterpieces of mendacity—begin to blossom on the hoardings; visions of impossible Aphrodites rising from the locally-brewed foam, portraits of sinewy centenarians hurling their clutches to the shellfish, and architectural untruths representing the Ardenken Pier Pavilion as a cross between the Taj Mahal and the hanging

gardens of old Babylon.

To ask a man which of these places he will visit is like asking an egg the choice between being poached and scrambled. The real question is—Where NOT to go.

One method of selection is to take down the encyclopaedia, dust it carefully and thoroughly, and, having opened the Bac-Bri volume at random, to murmur in the form of a litany; "From Babbacombe, Baffin's Bay, Biarritz, Brightlingsea, and Boguschutz may heaven deliver us!" But if your encyclopaedia has been built into a bicycle-shed, as mine has been, and is therefore unavailable, you will have to choose for yourself. No doubt, in the course of your yearly penances, you have compiled a little list of place-names, against which you have written Never More! The list begins, for us in Scotland anyway, with Dunoon and Rothesay (naturally), and goes on to Ayr and other beauty spots, "doon the watter," where—

(a) the Atlantic came twice daily through your bedroom window;

(b) you subscribed sixpence to the local lifeboat fund and never once saw a wreck;

(c) you had shrimps for tea on twenty-seven consecutive days;

(d) you fell off a pier, a cliff, and a donkey in a single morning;

You see the idea? You know a list like that simplifies your task.

For myself, the seaside pup has been sold to me so often, that I am resolved never to go again until I come across an advertisement like the following;

"EVERRAINING IS SO DEBILITATING! Bad weather guaranteed. Cyclones, earthquakes and epidemics constantly in season. Prohibition in force. Tradesmen's charges exorbitant. School of sharks specially imported for the convenience of bathers. Shifting quicksands everywhere."

There would be some satisfaction in going to a locality like that. Those quicksands—my ever-present Aunt Emma Jane—however—

Well, I live in Ayr, on the coast, all the year round, and I ought to know what I'm talking about. Don't you?

A Mistake

JACK AGAJAN '28.

IT happened on a cold and misty morning in September, two weeks after Russia had declared war against Turkey. Hostilities had not yet started. Day was just breaking over the mining town of Zanzul in the midst of the Caucasus mountains and situated about three miles from the Russo-Turkish frontier. All was peaceful and silent in the misty valley, while the sun slowly rose from behind a mountain top and tinted the clouded sky with the russet glow of dawn. The town bordering the rock-strewn banks of a river was gradually coming to life and the crowing of cocks announced the birth of a new day.

Suddenly the blare of trumpets broke the morning quiet and changed the peaceful scene into one of great animation. Scarcely had the brazen notes died down than the crash of musketry fell upon the ears of the rudely awakened inhabitants. Rushing to their doors and windows, the aroused populace beheld a very warlike spectacle, for both sides of the river were covered with infantry, crouching behind boulders and blazing away at something in

the rising mist. The appearance of excited officers mounted on prancing steeds and brandishing flashing swords, filled the hearts of the civilians with paralyzing fear, and presently panic seized the people. With one accord they started to rush blindly about the town yelling—"The Turks, the Turks have come."

Nearly every vestige of discipline and calmness had now left the public. During all this uproar, the pale-faced and smoke begrimed soldiers fired away right manfully into the distant mountain side. Acrid smelling smoke hung dense and low over their tense, crouching figures. Hoarse commands and the neighs of terrified and mettlesome horses added to the deafening din of battle. The enemy was still unseen and the suspense was terrible. Pandemonium now reigned in the town and the frenzied question—"where are the Turks?"—was oft repeated but the rattle of musketry was the only answer.

Presently the mist began to disappear rapidly and then to the dismay of the civilians, they saw a number of wild looking troops come charging

down the mountain slope and on to the river banks! This was enough.

Uttering pitiful cries the panic-stricken inhabitants rushed madly out of the mining camp, men, women and children, all in a heterogeneous mass of humanity. But the defenders still stood at their posts for they had resolved to fight to the bitter end, when to their surprise, the order "cease—firing" rang thru the smoke-laden air. The next instant the enemy was upon them,—not with the lust to kill but with a harmless storm of oaths and imprecations. Then it was that the dis-

comforted soldiers of the Czar, saw for the first time that their foes were nothing more dangerous than a frightened party of scouts, who being attacked, while reconnoitering, by a superior band of marauding Turks, had turned tail and raced down the mist covered mountain, headed for the town. The few parting shots from the Moslems had caused the alarm to be given in the valley.

Mistakes during warfare are generally fatal, but thanks to the mist, the badly treated scouts sustained no serious casualties.

Among the Peaks

O. GUEZENNEC '28.

THERE is no grander or more inspiring sight in nature than a lofty mountain. Its crest is crowned with eternal snow, its sides are wreathed with fleecy clouds, its base rises from green and smiling valleys.

The aspect of a Swiss mountain varies with every change of view, of distance, and of weather. As we walk along the valleys that lie around it, or begin to climb its sides, its aspect alters. And how change of distance varies the effect! From far away it seems, as it were, a shining peak of salt, high against the blue of heaven; as we come nearer, the picture grows more detailed; snowy ridges appear and mighty glaciers; till close at hand, we remark its endless variety of form, its glittering pinnacles, its jagged menacing edges, its smooth rounded shoulders of rock and its broad sloping fields of snow. Then again, how gloomy and threatening it looks when blackened with storm clouds; how peaceful and inviting in the sunshine; how inexpressibly beautiful when tinged with the delicate pink of dawn or the redder

glow of sunset.

In the glaciers that lie between the ridges, are found huge caverns and crevices, where the ice shines blue and green in the dim light.

The glaciers themselves are sometimes smooth like broad plains; sometimes rough, as if the sea had been suddenly frozen on a wild stormy day. After we have scaled the precipitous sides and gained the solitary summit, the view is still more wonderful. We see the glorious panorama of snow clad peaks and rugged glaciers; overhead the intense blue of the sky; and below caught in glimpses, through the shifting whiteness of the clouds, the still intenser blue of the lakes.

When we have learnt to love the beauty and charm of Switzerland's mountains, we understand why those who dwell amongst them are often heartbroken when they leave, and that those who have learnt to love the Alps, return again and again, drawn back to them by this resistless fascination of their beauty and grandeur.

Among the Ashikaga Foothills

GERALD JOLLES '23.

THE eastern sky is all aflame; o'erhead fleecy clouds flit rapidly by, the air is filled with the chirping of birds, and in the distance cocks crow. It is the advent of day.

Breakfast is soon finished, and a crowd of joyful boys are on their way. Gradually the glorious sun fights its way out and above the purple clouds on the horizon, and fills the valley and mountains around with its sunny splendor.

The path at first crosses over a purling creek, whose waters glide over the rocks with lightning rapidity. This creek holds its own throughout the morning, never getting out of sight. Manifold birds of multi-colored plumage fly gracefully overhead. The landscape is as a velvety carpet of green, thickly strewn with flowers and ferns, and here and there a tuft of tall cedars breaks the monotony of the view.

Around the hour of noon the same boys who set out that morning stop by the roadside, eager but a little fatigued,

and fall to a wholesome meal with gusto. After a refreshing drink of the limpid water that gurgles at their side, the boys continue their route, which becomes more and more inclined. The babbling brook which has been their companion all morning is left behind. The path is now inclosed by heavy brushwood, and the boys cover ground with difficulty. At last the strenuous climb is over, and then—what a magnificent view! On one side, Fuji, tall and majestic, with its snow-clapped top, looms up in the distance. On the other, stretches the broad valley of Odawara, with its silvery stream meandering thru the plain. The walkers stop here for an instant to drink in the panoramic scene. After descending the mountain on the other side, the trail leads thru a shady cluster of tall fir trees, and towards evening the creek, the companion of the morning, is met again. Finally home is reached, and there the boys now thoroughly fatigued, take a welcome rest.

A "Foxy" Story

K. KOBAYASHI '23.

JAPANESE believe that foxes have supernatural power. The following story is a good example of this belief.

One fine afternoon in April, a traveler was passing through the plain of Omine in the province of Yamato. On his way he espied a fox sleeping by the roadside. He picked up a stone and threw it at the animal, thinking that he could scare it. The stone flew at its target, the animal with a yelp of pain and fright leaped into the air, and quickly dashed through a near-by bush and disappeared. The traveler laughed heartily at his success. He then con-

tinued his journey.

The sky was cloudless and not a breath of wind rippled the face of nature, when suddenly a gust of wind arose and black and threatening clouds drove up from the west. It became darker and darker; night had begun, though to the traveller's knowledge it was only about two o'clock in the afternoon. He thought that time had flown unusually fast that day, and he quickened his pace in hopes of finding a place where he could stay for the night. By and by he came to a dilapidated temple; the roof of which

was partly fallen in, and its walls mouldered with age, but still there was a light at the altar. He noted that the temple was unoccupied, therefore he entered the gallery and going to the back of the altar sat himself down. A hole in the wall gaped before him, through which he saw the neighbouring cemetery. He tried to sleep but thoughts of the graves rasped on his nerves. He could not close his eyes no matter how he tried. Minutes seemed hours to him, then flickering lights appeared dimly in the distance. Two, three, four, then hundreds of lights were coming towards the temple. It was a funeral procession composed of about three hundred persons. The cortège reached the temple and after due ceremony, they laid the coffin in the middle of the room and then left the temple. The traveler was shaking with

fear, the very thought of passing a night with the dead man made him shudder. The coffin moved! Suddenly the lid was thrust aside. A pair of thin and emaciated yellow hands appeared then a face, the dead man stood up and stepped out of the coffin, looked slowly around the room and fixed his glazed eyes upon the hapless traveler. He addressed him in a shrill voice, saying: "Thou comest with me to the land of the dead," and he took hold of him by the hair. The traveler fainted away. When he came to himself, the sun was still up, the sky was cloudless and judging by the light it was only about four o'clock in the afternoon. He found himself lying in the middle of the road. There was no cemetery, no coffin nor any trace of the dead man. The traveler heaved a sigh of relief, and continued on his way.....

"There's No Place Like Home"

G. FACHTMANN '23.

It was a gay twilight, and the hills were resplendent in their midsummer glory. Far away beyond the mountains, the sun, which had just set, left rich colorings of purple, crimson and gold. The air was heavy, with the scent of the new mown hay, cut by the busy mowers during the hot days, and now spread out, in the vast fields of the valley below. To the left a stream, babbling and rippling, flowed between its narrow, shaded, moss-grown banks. At the far end of the lane, running among the great elms and maples, stood a little old-fashioned cottage. Only a dim outline of this weather-beaten, tumble-down cot could be recognised thru the gathering gloom, but at the high window, by the roadside, a bright light glittered, like a star in the dark heavens.

There in the heavy gray of the sum-

mer evening, stood a tall figure, leaning wearily against a dilapidated wall.

In the cities this man was known as "Ben, the Tramp." There, no one questioned him whether he possessed any other name than Ben; excepting at those times when he had it recorded at the police station as Brown, Smith or Jones ——— it mattered little to him or to the judge who sentenced him in the morning.

Now he was ragged, dusty and battered. It was too dark to distinguish his face or features. What wrong the judge had done to this poor shattered creature!

Thru the tall thin trees, Ben saw the welcome light of the cottage. It twinkled and glimmered and flashed, from behind the white curtain, which hung out of the window.

"It's for me," whispered Ben under

his breath; he seemed drawn, almost against his will, toward the light.

Several times he made stops while passing thru the narrow lane. Slowly he trudged, towards his home cottage, with his eyes always fixed on the light. Finally he came to the place, when quite near to the rose covered porch, he leaned against a tree, fatigued by the long walk. There he heard a familiar voice singing:

Oh where is my wandering boy
tonight?

My heart with its love any my
prayers call you,

Return to thy sheltering home
once more,

Thy mother —————

A Perilous Flight

BLUM '26.

ONE stormy night, Ted Hammond a young American volunteer in the La Fayette Escadrille, was quietly sitting in his little hut thinking of his home and of his dear old mother far away. All of a sudden there was a knock at the door and in came an orderly, requesting the young aviator to report at headquarters. Ted obeyed the order instantly and hurrying away presented himself before his captain. "My boy" said the officer gravely, "I have important work for you. At Headquarters they need some information about the enemy's lines running across the woods of X. Before dawn tomorrow, take a fast plane equipped with a camera and try to secure some pictures of the enemy entrenchment. But mind you do not engage in any combat as we must have those pictures." Ted saluted, and hurrying back to his hut went to sleep. Early the next morning, Ted and George Lees, his gunner, boarded a

"Here I am, here I am, mother," gasped the tramp, though his voice was scarcely above a whisper and he suddenly seemed to lose strength, and clung to the tree like a drowning man.

The voice in the cabin started singing again and Ben hearing this for the second time, gathered courage, and with faltering steps, entered the cottage, his birth place. "Here I am, mother," and Ben, the Tramp stood in the full glow of the kitchen lamp. "Ben! oh! Ben my boy," cried his mother, as she clasped him in her trembling arms.

How young he was, and how thin and broken. Tears filled Ben's blue eyes and rolled down his pale white cheeks, as he stared into his ever loving mother's face, and stutteringly said "It is so good to be at home."

fast plane and off they flew towards their goal. It was dawn when they reached the goal and their arrival was greeted with a hail of bullets. Yet on they sped, up and down the line, spotting the enemy's guns and securing several views of the surrounding country. But soon they were interrupted in their work by an enemy plane heading straight for them. Ted remembered the captain's words not to engage in a combat, but it was too late; they had been sighted and as flight was impossible a fight was inevitable. George too was of that opinion and kept his gun in readiness. The two planes had now come quite near to each other, yet not a shot was fired. The enemy was trying to get above Ted's plane. The latter understood, he too carried bombs and climbing up in the sky, he let a bomb drop but it missed its mark. It was now George's turn to open fire. Alas! it was all in

vain, his gun was stuck. Quick as lightning he seized his revolver and repeatedly discharged it upon the enemy's plane which got unsteady and turning turtle fell crashing to the ground. Thank God, cried Ted, and tho badly wound-

ed in the arm, he kept at his post, steering the plane. Then soaring higher up, they made for their lines, where they safely landed amidst the cheers of their countrymen.

FRENCH

D'où nous vient le Français

O. GUÉZENNEC '28.

Le français est la plus importante des six langues romanes qui ont été tirées du Latin. L'Italien, le Roumain, le Provençal, le Portuguais sont ses langues soeurs.

Les Gaulois du nord parlaient une espèce de "teuton-celtique," les Aquitains un genre "d'Ibéro-Celtique," tandis que le "Gallique" proprement dit était parlé dans le centre de la France. La langue de Rome eut bientôt remplacé tous ces dialectes ou plutôt en fit une fusion. Le Gallique cependant était encore parlé au troisième siècle, tandis qu'à la fin du cinquième on trouvait encore du Celtique dans la "Lingua-Rustica," espèce de Latin déformé. Au quatrième siècle la "Rustica" était parlée depuis le Rhin jusqu'aux Pyrénées.

Il faut remarquer que cette corruption du Latin avait aussi lieu à la même époque, dans les autres pays compris entre le Danube et le Tage, et les différentes langues nommées ci-dessus, ne diffèrent les unes des autres, qu'à cause des différents dialectes barbares qui agissent sur elles à cette époque.

Les Visigoths, les Burgondes et les Francs, n'ayant rien fait pour détruire ou changer la langue des habitants de la Gaule, il n'y a que peu de leurs mots qui aient survécu dans la "Lingua-Rustica."

Le jargon latin, quelque peu mélangé à des éléments germaniques, forma la

"Lingua Romana" aussi connu sous le nom de "Gallica." Elle coexistait un moment avec le tudesque; mais elle prit bientôt plus de force et devint la langue française.

Les suffixes grammaticaux latins furent peu-à-peu supprimés et l'accusatif fut pris comme un nouveau mot. Les verbes auxiliaires furent empruntés aux idiomes teutons, et les terminaisons personnelles des verbes furent fournies par des pronoms.

La "Lingua Romana" était divisée en deux dialectes: la langue D'OC parlée dans le sud et la langue d'OIL parlée dans le nord. Depuis le début des Croisades jusqu'à la mort de St. Louis, c'est-à-dire tout le temps compris entre 1095 and 1270, ces deux dialectes se rapprochèrent et tendirent de plus en plus vers la fusion.

La vraie langue française commença à se développer à peu près au moment de la conquête de Constantinople par les Croisés français au commencement du 13^{em}. siècle, époque à laquelle l'Angleterre adoptait le français comme langue officielle et comme langue de Cour.

Les "Chroniques" de Froissart furent le premier ouvrage en "bon français" qui ait été publié jusque-là. A ce moment le roi François I^{er} remplaçait le latin par le français dans toutes les transactions publiques. On approchait de plus en plus l'uniformité.

Rabelais, Ronsard, Du Bellay la portèrent à un plus haut degré. Les mouvements protestants, les troubles politiques, l'influence des guerres d'Italie en modifièrent beaucoup la forme. L'introduction des mots arabes est principalement due aux Croisades, celle des mots grecs et latins, des termes scientifiques est due à l'étude qui a été faite de ces langues et des sciences naturelles.

En 1635, le Cardinal de Richelieu créa l'Académie Française avec but de

réglementer et de modifier la langue nationale. Cette institution, et toute une pléiade de grands écrivains et auteurs s'appliquèrent à purifier notre langue, à l'augmenter et à la faire de plus en plus précise.

Enfin à cause de sa clarté, de son ordre logique, de sa syntaxe, le français fut pour la première fois employé comme langage diplomatique à la Conférence de Nimègue en 1678.

Noël

T. OLSEN '23.

Pour les petits enfants ainsi que pour les grandes personnes, Noël est la plus importante nuit de l'année. Pour les enfants spécialement c'est une nuit de mystère. Quand tout le monde est au lit (excepté le gendarme), un vieux bonhomme vêtu d'un manteau rouge bordé de laine blanche, descend par la cheminée, portant sur son dos une immense hotte remplie de joujoux et de bonbons, qu'il met dans les sabots des enfants bien sages. Le gendarme ne voit pas ce nocturne cambrioleur; la suie ne salit pas son manteau rouge; et plus étonnant encore, la plus petite cheminée de la plus humble chaumière qui existe au

monde, est cependant assez large pour lui permettre d'y descendre.

Pour les grandes personnes, Noël est aussi un jour de joie. Tous les ennuis et tous les soucis sont oubliés. Un esprit de bonté règne partout, pères et mères, oncles et tantes, tous deviennent des "Santa Claus," et celui qui donne le plus, est le plus heureux. En vérité c'est bien une nuit joyeuse que la nuit de Noël, n'est-ce pas ce jour là que JESUS naquit. Aussi soyons bons, donnons et recevons (ceci est la partie la plus importante pour les enfants) de bon coeur, et Noël deviendra alors le plus joyeux et plus heureux jour de l'année.

Le Football

G. IVISON '23.

L'autre jour quelqu'un m'a demandé quel jeu j'aimais le mieux. Sans hésitation j'ai répondu que c'était le football.

Le football exerce le corps et spécialement les jambes. Si vous n'avez pas de jarrets solides vous ne pouvez pas courir, et si vous ne pouvez pas courir les autres auront toujours un grand avantage sur vous. Au football il faut être agile,

vif, et surtout calme. Ce jeu excitant développe la poitrine et fait oublier tous les soucis.

Le football est si populaire en Angleterre qu'il est devenu le jeu national. Chaque année il y a des "matches" internationaux de football entre l'Angleterre, l'Ecosse, la France, le Pays de Galles et l'Irlande. A ces matches assistent généralement les familles royales.

En classe l'esprit est quelquefois soumis à un travail intensif à la suite duquel le repos s'impose. Au jeu de football, l'esprit se repose pendant que

les muscles du corps sont en action. Il faut donc combiner ces deux merveilleux agents et l'on aura ainsi le plus sûr remède contre l'ennui et la maladie.

Le Baseball

P. WALLACE '23.

Le jeu que j'aime le mieux est le "baseball." C'est un jeu qui a en Amérique la même vogue qu'a le football en Angleterre. La principale raison qui me fait aimer ce jeu est, qu'il a une salubre influence sur la santé du joueur. Tous les muscles et tous les membres sont en mouvement: les bras, pour attraper et jeter la balle; les jambes, pour courir autour des "bases."

Il habitue aussi à penser vite, car le joueur doit frapper la balle au moment précis où elle se présente dans la bonne position; cette qualité est absolument indispensable au joueur, qui, sans elle

serait mis hors du jeu. De plus il forme le caractère; il arrive, en effet, que des discussions éclatent au beau milieu d'une partie et le joueur qui à ce moment est quelque peu excité doit faire appel à toute sa force de volonté pour empêcher la discussion de s'envenimer et de tourner en "Pugilat." Dans ces sortes de discussions, vous apprenez à vous servir d'un langage pas toujours poli, mais certainement très expressif et c'est ce qui fait que, à part quelques rares exceptions, les Américains sont toujours pleins de vie.

Le Tennis

G. JOLLES '23.

Le tennis est un jeu dans lequel la rapidité de la pensée est la partie la plus essentielle. Comme dans la boxe, quand vous voyez que votre adversaire a une garde défectueuse vous visez à cet endroit et tâchez de placer votre coup. Il en est de même au tennis; si vous apercevez que vous avez forcé votre adversaire sur un côté du "Court," laissant l'autre côté sans garde, c'est pour vous le moment d'y placer votre balle et de gagner ainsi un point. Si au contraire vous hésitez, et vous vous demandez "Que dois-je

faire? où dois-je placer ma balle?" vous laissez à votre adversaire le temps de couvrir la portion non gardée du "Court" et vous perdez ainsi une chance de marquer un point.

Une autre chose qui est très importante aussi, c'est la justesse dans le placement et le lancement des balles. Il faut toujours chercher à lancer sa balle de façon à ce qu'en tombant elle se présente à votre adversaire dans la position la plus défectueuse pour lui, rendant ainsi le renvoi difficile et quelque fois impossible.

Le Basketball

G. XAVIER '24.

On joue le basketball sur une surface unie, aux extrémités de laquelle sont deux corbeilles, placées à douze pieds du sol. Il y a cinq joueurs dans chaque camp. L'objet du jeu est de jeter le ballon dans les corbeilles autant de fois que possible. Quand on joue au basketball il faut se rappeler que la victoire dépend surtout du "teamwork" entre les membres du même camp, c'est-à-dire de la bonne entente. Les différentes positions des joueurs dans un team de basketball sont; le centre, l'avant droit et l'avant gauche, l'arrière droit et l'arrière gauche.

Pour être bon, un groupe doit avoir les qualités suivantes; sangfroid, rapidité, exactitude, bon jugement, patience et retenue.

Ce qui est surtout important, est de marquer le but. Il faut devenir très

habile pour cela; il arrive fréquemment que des teams ayant réussi de s'approcher du but, ne peuvent pas le marquer, à cause de leur manque d'habileté dans le lancement du ballon. On ne doit pas lancer continuellement le ballon; il faut attendre qu'on ait une occasion favorable. Souvent il est préférable de passer le ballon à un autre joueur. Un autre point important est, d'avoir votre adversaire à l'oeil. Chaque joueur en a un à garder. Il faut qu'il empêche son ennemi d'attraper le ballon et de le passer à un autre joueur du même camp. En faisant ainsi, tous se donnent beaucoup de mouvement et se fatiguent très vite; c'est pourquoi la durée d'un jeu n'est que de 80 minutes. Ce jeu a un autre avantage: on peut le jouer en plein air, dans une salle, ou sous un hangar.

Excursion à Yamakita

L. OFFHAUSE '27.

Quel brouhaha, le 31 Octobre à sept heures trente du matin, sur le quai de la gare de Yokohama, lorsque nous, les "Grands" du Collège St. Joseph, attendions le train qui devait nous transporter à Yamakita, but de l'excursion d'automne de notre Ecole.

Voici le train.—Il s'arrête, les portes s'ouvrent et chacun de nous se précipite pour trouver une bonne place dans les deux voitures que nos maîtres nous indiquent. On ferme les portes, on entend une sonnerie électrique, la locomotive siffle, le train se met en marche et nous voilà en route pour le pays des montagnes, où l'on respire l'air pur et sain. Les plus hardis de mes camarades se sont groupés dans le wagon et entament des chants; l'un d'eux, un

grand, exécute sur l'harmonica le meilleur morceau de son répertoire qui est fortement applaudi; une gaieté folle règne parmi nous jusqu'à la gare de Yamakita où nous arrivons vers les neuf heures et demi. Chacun de nous ramasse ses affaires, nous quittons le train et sous la conduite de nos maîtres, nous nous mettons en marche pour les belles montagnes qui entourent Yamakita.

Sous un soleil radieux, nous continuons notre route, nous traversons la rivière "Sakagawa" sur un long pont suspendu de construction récente, nous arrivons à la maison de campagne de notre école, située sur le flanc de la montagne.

Mais nous sommes venus ici pour

visiter tous les points intéressants et dilater nos poumons en grimpant les montagnes. Aussi nous voilà bientôt partis pour les hauteurs où nous jouirons du spectacle impressionnant d'un panorama incomparable. Notre chemin nous conduit à travers de splendides plantations d'orangers dont les branches ploient sous le poids des fruits mûrs. Nous traversons des forêts de sapins et de chênes. Nous arrivons enfin sur le bord d'un ruisseau dont l'eau pure nous invite au pique-nique.

De retour au hesso le "Boy San"

nous distribue une brioche et une pomme, nous goûtons encore une fois à l'eau fraîche de la source du chalet, nous chantons l'Hymne de notre collège qu'accompagne l'orchestre de nos "Anciens" et nous nous mettons en route pour la gare. Tout cela se passe dans l'ordre le plus parfait; pas un reproche de la part de nos maîtres, pas un trainard parmi nous. Nous nous embarquons dans le train et arrivons tout joyeux à sept heures quarante-cinq du soir, en gare de Yokohama, où nous adressons un cordial "sayonara" à nos maîtres et à nos camarades.

POETRY

CHRISTMAS TIDE.

The days are cold, the clouds are gray,
Soft knee-deep snow lies in the way,
And through the trees the wind is sighing;
Slow but sure the year is dying.

Then comes the Day, when joy and mirth
Commemorate the Saviour's birth.
And though, for worse, the world has changed,
The thought of God has still remained.

And though the chilling winds are blowing,
With Heaven's peace our hearts are glowing,
As from the church we homeward go
Through the drifts of fleecy snow.

And when this joyous time at last
Is gone and finished, dead and past,
The sentiment on every side
Is: "Come round quickly Christmas tide."

C. CURTIS (2nd High).

WORTHLESS LOVE.

King Francis of Germany sat, one day,
In his Lion garden so large and gay.
There were ladies around, of every rank,
And knights who were noble, bold and frank.

At the king's nod a gate opened wide,
Out came two leopards, side by side.
He nodded again and a tiger rushed out,
Everyone held his breath no doubt.

The animals crouched as if for a spring,
When suddenly a glove fell into the ring.
It dropped between the beasts of prey,
But closer to where the tiger lay.

A nobleman's beautiful daughter
Turned to the knight beside her;
"If your love is as true as you tell me,
Go! Fetch me that glove which you see."
Then quick as lightning he jumped to the ground
The animals fiercely at him bound,
But the knight, already climbed to his seat,
And everyone cheered him, who dared such a feat.

To all applause the knight seemed dead;
His eyes looked stern, his face was red.
"Take this and keep to your disgrace,"
Said he, then threw the glove straight in her face.

"If for your pleasure you can expose me
To such needless danger," said he;
"To win your love I'll not endeavor."
Then turning, he left her presence forever.

L. COX (2nd High).

THE SEA.

Oh sea so bright, oh sea so free ;
No power, on earth, can equal thee.
Thy waters lap the golden sand
On many a strange and distant strand.

And on thy bosom ships now sail ;
From steamer large to birch-bark frail
Yet none so bold dare challenge thee
When all thy fury is set free.

C CURTIS. (2nd High).

AUTUMN DAYS.

As thru the glowing woods I passed,
Whilst shades of eve were falling fast,
I saw old nature's dainty touch
On hill and dell, on tree and such.

As night was near, the autumn skies
Were tinted with a thousand dyes.
The checkered leaves and bright-hued vines
Contrasted well with sombre pines.

Soon all this glory will depart
When winter comes to act its part.
The little brook, whose waters gushed,
Will silent be, and nature hushed.

F. BONICKE. (2nd High).

MEMORIES OF SUMMER.

Beneath the woodland's shade unseen,
Where nature smiles in softest green,
I lie and listen to the breeze
Which blows above me thru the trees.
The idle warbler sits and sings,
While butterflies on airy wings
Pass here and there among the flowers.
How I love these summer hours !

W. HELM. (1st High).

THAT PUMPKIN PIE.

One day I ate a pumpkin pie ;
So hard it was I thought I'd die.
And where I got it do you know ?
Down from the pantry shelf, below.

I felt the pains all thru the night ;
It hurt me so, I turned all white.
And now and then I gave a groan ;
From now, such pies I'll leave alone.

G. WEED. (1st High).

YAMAKITA.

One morn the air being full of nip,
To Yamakita we took a trip.
Within the train we had good fun ;
One boy was absent, only one.
Arriving there, we shed our kit
And off we started, feeling fit.
A lengthy distance, we did walk ;
Some made our ears sore with their talk.
A river once we had to cross,
And one big chap seemed at a loss—
When passing he did hesitate ;
His foot then slipped and t'was too late,
The poor chap fell right in "By Gum !"
I think his name was G. S. Lum.
It was a funny sight "Oh Boy !"
This spectacle we did enjoy.
The road we took was very rough,
Some few found progress rather tough.
And walking on, we stopped at last
To chew and swallow a slight repast.
Returning home, we went a way
That was the hardest of the day.
The path you know was awful steep,
And led us to a valley deep.
At length to the basso, safe we got
Arriving there extremely hot.
With all our fun, it was a treat,
And Yamakita can't be beat.

E. W. BALDEN '24.

THE BROOK.

One day I spied a merry brook,
Its way through the vale it bent ;
I watched the winding course it took
As babbling down it went.
It wandered thru the forest deep ;
It murmured o'er the gravel,
And down the rapids in many a leap
It went on, in its travel.

It trickled along the mountain side ;
It turned and twisted with a shiver,
Then thru the meadows on did glide
Until it reached the river.

W. HELM. (1st High).

THE SUICIDAL DARKEY.

A darkey, tired of loathsome life,
Unfit to stand terrestrial strife,
Resolved to kill himself one day,
But how and where he could not say.
What he planned, we soon shall see,
A successful job he thought 'twould be.
Getting some oil, matches and rope,
A gun, a bottle of poisonous dope,
He climbed a branch above a pool
Around his neck a rope—poor fool !
Pouring the oil over his gown,
Lit it—fired the gun—the poison drank down.
But missing his head, he hit the cord,
And lo with a splash he dropped in the ford.
Poor darkey took a funny dive
And when he came up he was quite alive,
For the water put out the fire on his dress.
He drank so much water, the dope proved
useless—
For urgent help loud did he cry,
And quite forgot he wished to die.
He had all he could do to swim to shore ;
To kill himself he'd attempt no more.

L. Cox (2nd High).

RASTUS AND HIS MARE.

Rastus had a handsome mare ;
Won the ribbon at the fair.
She was noted for her speed,
Indeed she was a famous steed.
Her back, it had a graceful curve
Which for a saddle wouldn't serve,
Her ribs, an inch or two, did show,
Like the waves when breezes blow.
The mare she had a lovely name,
As you know they called her Fame,
'Cause she won the ribbon blue,
Which now is worn by Rastus too.

But Fame, the mare was getting old,
And Rastus thought she might be sold ;
One day he took her from the shed
To Sam a darkey, hard of head.

"You wanta' buy a mare mah friend ?
I, to you, can easily lend,
My dear old stable with a fence,
If you will pay me fifty cents."

"Ah ! Mah friend, what ails de mare ?"

"Nothing," says Rastus without a care.

"Den what yo' wanta' sell her for ?"

"Nothing" says he becoming sore.

"Come her mah man, I'll take her now,
Because I need her for my plow ;
But don't forget, I'll never pay,
'Cause it's, 'nothing,' I heard you say."

R. Cox (2nd High.)

CRUELLE ATTENTE.

Sur les flots moutonneux d'une mer agitée,
Vers l'horizon lointain tout tamisé de gris,
Emportant sur leur sein une image sacrée,
Dans un frêle canot un jour ils sont partis.

On les vit naviguer lentement en silence,
Leur ombre s'estompait dans le brumeux
désert,
Puis s'évanouissait dans l'océan immense,
Vers l'inconnu profond du ciel et de la mer.

Une foule d'amis pressés sur le rivage,
Les suivaient du regard, agitant tour à tour
Qui son grand mouchoir blanc, qui la pieuse
image
Du bon saint préféré qui protège toujours.

Le grand voile du soir et la lune blafarde
De rentrer au logis vinrent marquer le temps,
Et la grande maison comme l'humble man-
sarde
Veillèrent ce soir là soupirant et priant.

Et voici que déjà deux semaines s'achèvent.
Les yeux vers l'horizon sans cesse sont fixés,
Scrutant sur les flots bleus, tant qu'il semble
qu'ils r vent,
Les grands carrés de blanc par les vagues
bercés.

Rien, toujours rien, hélas. Pauvre enfant !
Pauvre mère !

Un morne désespoir pénètre en votre cœur.
Soyez forts malgré tout, songez que la prière
Apaise les tourments et calme la douleur

Mais vous êtes ici sur la rive déserte,
Le bruit de l'océan se mêle à vos sanglots ;
Pleurez, pleurez toujours et que la grande Verte
Recueille vos chagrins dans le sein de ses flots.

Puis tournez-vous vers Dieu, car c'est lui qui
console ;

Vous trouverez en Lui remède à vos malheurs ;
Il vous réchauffera de sa Sainte Parole,
Et veillant sur vous deux Il sèchera vos pleurs.

O. GUÉZENNEC '23.

SCIENCE

A Problem for Science, Unsolved.

C. VAN ZANDT '23.

LIGHT, one of the most common things in nature, is in itself most complex. It is known to be a vibration of the universal ether. This vibration has a certain speed, a wave length, a period of vibration, and an amplitude. To explain these, take an ocean wave in motion. Here the distance between the peaks of two consecutive waves is the wave length; the amplitude, the height of the wave; and the frequency or period, the number of waves passing a given point in a second of time. The unit by which the wave length is measured is the Ångström unit equal to a ten billionth of a meter. The visible wave lengths of light cover a range between 4,000 and 7,500 Ångström units. The wave lengths of light and electricity decrease as the frequency increases.

The color of a substance depends upon the property of that substance to absorb certain wave lengths and to reflect others. Thus a cloth that is said to be red absorbs all color waves except those of red, namely those of 7,000 units.

There are radiations other than those seen by the human eye; these extend-

ing in size from 1/10 to 3,000,000,000,000,000 units. These radiations all being of the same material form and general construction must be light waves. What the colors of these waves are we do not know.

Generators of vibrations or frequencies:—The waves emitted from an ordinary electric light bulb are not directly due to the electricity in itself, but to the resistance of the filament to the current causing heat and light. Röntgen rays commonly known as X-rays have a wave length of one unit, or 1/4,000 the wave length of the nearest color wave viz., violet. X-rays are of course invisible, otherwise it would be impossible to look thru an object subject to these rays. Ultra violet rays are similar to X-rays except that they have a wave length 60 times that of the latter. Both X-rays and *Ultra Violet* rays are generated in an evacuated vessel, the rays being set up between the electrodes. But here as in the electric light the radiations are not set up directly by the current itself.

Besides the methods spoken of, there is another means of generating electrical radiations. This instrument is the

triode valve, often called the vacuum tube, or audion bulb. It is possible to radiate with this instrument waves from 10,000,000,000 to 6,000,000,000,000,000 units in length. That means that the wave lengths of waves generated by this bulb are at its lowest, 13,400 times as large as those of the red color rays. Red rays have a wave length of 7,000 units.

There are today instruments known as frequency doublers or triplers. If 12 of these instruments could successfully be used in tandem, the result would be a frequency equal to that of the red rays. If this method of converting low frequency generations would be impractical why not employ a system of triode valves in such a way as to convert the frequency at hand to that required? Or better yet, construct a generator by the use of vacuum bulbs which would supply the high frequency currents direct?

Now, considering that we have the vibrations of the desired frequency, what can be done to bring them out of the wire, that is, to make them visible? Perhaps currents of such high frequency would not leave the wire or give a corona or brush discharge. If not, we would have to devise some method whereby the current could be made to take the form of etherial vibrations. These vibrations might be set free by a condenser action, that is to say, propagated into space.

This method would probably require special reflectors or selective absorbers so as to concentrate and filter the vibrations.

Another method similar to the one just spoken of might also be possible, if the required high frequency current were to be led to two electrodes in an evacuated vessel. If the gas within the chamber of the vessel was one giving no spectrum the high frequency currents would radiate between the electrodes and give the color rays of the impressed frequency.

Now since the amplitude of the waves we have just generated is of enormous size in comparison to those of ordinary light, the new radiations would be of an intensity greater than that available by any other method.

The radiations generated by any of these methods would be of a new order, namely light without heat. There is known today no method of generating light without the expenditure of heat, except in the case of a few chemicals wherein the supply is of no individual color and is very meagre at best. The value of "Cold Light" would be tremendous. At the present time, of the total current supplied to an electric light bulb 98% is wasted in heat, the other 7% being the light which radiates from the lamp. The introduction of "Cold Light" would cause light for every purpose a feasibility not a practical impossibility as it now is.

This problem which has agitated the scientific minds of many decades of the past, still remains a mystery. Its solution will constitute one of the greatest steps forward in scientific lines and as a help to humanity its unfolding will be tremendous.

On A Chemical Analysis of Bioluminescence in The Firefly

E. BABO-VIVENOT '22.

IT is a long-established fact that the dried, powdered luminous organs of the firefly glow when moistened with water containing oxygen in solution. In

the absence of oxygen no light is produced. If the dried powder is allowed to stand for one hour in contact with water from which oxygen has been

carefully excluded, and then oxygen is admitted, no phosphorescence is to be observed, proving that the photogenic substance which in presence of oxygen is oxidized with light production is in its absence decomposed, but without light production.

An analogous case is to be found in the compound triphenylglyoxaline, investigated by Radziszewski. When hydrolyzed in the presence of oxygen and alcoholic potassium hydroxide, light is given off and benzoic acid and ammonium hydroxide are formed. In the absence of oxygen no light is produced, and benzaldehyde is formed instead of benzoic acid.

It is natural to suppose that the photogenic reactions taking place in the luminous organs of the firefly are due to the catalytic action of an enzyme. The existence of such a substance has been definitely demonstrated by Professor Dubois, of the University of Lyons. As early as 1884 he showed that two substances—luciferine, a thermostable compound, and luciferase, a thermolabile enzyme—are responsible for the luminescence of the West Indian cucullo, *Pyrophorus noctilucus*. Experiments made in 1887 have shown that these same substances are also present in the light organs of *Pholas dactylus*.

If the luminous slime from glands on the siphon and mantle of this mollusk be collected in sea water in two test tubes, phosphorescence will result in

both. Boil the solution in one tube, and the light disappears instantly. Allow the solution in the other tube to stand until the light disappears spontaneously. If now the two solutions are mixed the light reappears. The explanation is to be found in the fact that both the luciferine and luciferase are essential to light production, whereas boiling decomposed the luciferase in the one tube, while the luciferine in the other underwent complete oxidation. On mixture the two substances were brought together and phosphorescence resulted again.

Dubois has made a special study of the luciferine and luciferase of *Pholas dactylus*. According to him luciferine is an albumin having acid properties and an active reducing power. It oxidizes readily with light production in the presence of luciferase, potassium permanganate, barium peroxide, or lead peroxide, forming amino-acids and minute crystals that give the test for xanthine. Luciferase, on the other hand, has all the properties of an enzyme, an oxidizing enzyme acting in the presence of iron salts and which will oxidize luciferine, tannin, guaiac, alphanaphthol, etc. It resembles the oxydones of Batelli and Stern, which are destroyed by ether, chloroform, and acetone. It passes with difficulty through porcelain, and is nondialyzing. At a temperature of 60° C. it is decomposed by heat, as also by digestion with trypsin.

EDITORIAL

BENEFIT OF A UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

EVERY body knows the old fable of the wolf who asked the fox to show him a man. They first came upon an old retired soldier. "Is this a

man?" inquired the wolf: "No," replied Reynard, "That used to be a man."—Next they met a little boy. "Is that a man?" again inquired the

wolf. No," was the answer; but to which he added the wise thought, "Not yet, but it might become a man." Lastly they spied a hunter. "Now there's a man," exclaimed the sly fox. "You just go up and examine him closely—I have some important business, and must be off. Good Bye!"

This fox was a philosopher. The child is a man "*in posse*" He possesses the nature of man, but it is still undeveloped; its potentialities are dormant; they need awakening, strengthening. In a word education makes the man.

Education begins at home, on the knees of the mother, continues at school, and finishes in the activities of society.

The first years at home lay the foundation for the future life of man. Happy the child who learned from a pious mother the first rudiments of virtue and duty towards God, neighbor and self. The souvenirs and habits of childhood are deepest and persist the longest, and may well pervade all the paths of life. The old man with one foot in the grave remembers distinctly the scenes of his early childhood, while those of later years fade in oblivion. "The child is father to the man."

But here our purpose is rather to speak of school education, which comprises the three departments of the Primary School, the High School and the University.

The Primary School imparts the essentials of knowledge, indispensable for any man, even the poorest, and prepares directly for the humbler walks of life.

The High School aims at developing normally all the higher faculties, stocking the mind with general knowledge, and drilling the will in the accomplishment of duty, until solid habits of virtue are formed, thus building up the sound mind in the sound body, the man of all-round culture and usefulness, more needed now than ever, but still very hard to find. The High School

produces the middle classes, which constitute the backbone of Society, and provides material for the highest ambitions.

UNIVERSITY.

The University gives the last crowning finish to the formation of the perfect man, able to bear the weight of responsibility, the man competent in the broadest fields of learning, and absolutely reliable in his conduct. The University branches out into various departments and prepares specialists in all the sciences and leaders of men in all the walks of life: lawyers, historians, poets, authors, philosophers, statesmen, doctors in medicine and other sciences, engineers of industry, directors of great business concerns as banks, railroads, steamship companies, professors of colleges and Universities, high dignitaries in Church and State.

Of course, examples are not wanting of self-made men, who have climbed the highest ladders of fame and rank, single handed, with no other equipment than a primary education rising to the level of the three R's and an empty purse, supplemented by good luck and an iron will. But these cases are exceptions and by their very rareness only serve to confirm the general need of University education.

All children no matter how poor have an equal right to a solid primary education, but only to the more favored of Society is the High School open; and of these only the choicest pick, the intellectual elite, may aspire to a University education. If you compare Society to an army, the Primary school prepares the rank and file of the army, the High School drills the officers, the University, the higher staff and generals.

These few remarks amply suffice to show the benefit of a University education.

The University develops the latent powers of man and fits him to work as nothing else will. It brings out all the

potentialities of his mind, enables him to grapple with the various problems of life, and strengthens his character that he may use his powers for the general good of all.

The main advantages of a University may be summed up as follows. A good University education should give the student in a greater measure than he would otherwise obtain:

1. The ability to evaluate correctly the spiritual and material forces which affect his life.

2. The power and habit of clear, sustained, logical thought.

3. The ability to speak and write his native language correctly and forcibly.

4. A larger capacity for friendship, an increased ability to appreciate people according to their worth.

5. High ideals of life and character, and a fixed definite purpose to be of service to humanity.

Happy the man who can evaluate correctly the spiritual and material forces that affect his life. Below the Niagara Falls you see a series of rapids in which the river, about a mile wide above the Falls, is encased in a narrow channel hardly more than a hundred feet broad and rushes down at a terrific rate, foaming over the sunken rocks and tearing around treacherous eddies at every turn, until some miles below it spreads out again into a spacious channel and glides quietly down to lake Ontario.

Such is the turmoil of life especially at the time of youth in this 20th century. Woe to the young man who is thrown headlong into the rapids of life, without sufficient means to avoid the rocks and eddies. It were better he had not been born. Still nobody can escape these rapids; cross them we must. Happy the man who can safely guide his frail canoe and avoid the lurking dangers, that is, happy the man who can evaluate correctly the spiritual and material forces that affect his life. Innumerable are the forces of evil insensibly working upon man, like a vicious

atmosphere upon the lungs; such are first the rampant materialism piercing through all the forces of Society in the poisoned spirit of the times, through newspapers, magazines, books, theatres, lectures; errors of philosophy whose aim is to stifle the voice of conscience and to stir up the disorderly passions, administering poison to the soul, under the label of truth, a veritable deluge of error and vice wherein the imprudent young man at the very entrance of life loses all self-respect and honesty, and becomes a total wreck of body and soul.

A good University education will arm the mind and will with knowledge and power to see into the foul play of our enemies and distinguish the helping hand of true friendship. A thorough course of Christian Philosophy will also impart the power and habit of clear sustained and logical thought, necessary to discern the forces of good and evil that affect us.

This habit of clear thought is a desirable asset of life, rare nowadays. It was not so infrequently met with in the so-called dark ages when philosophers made it a rule to follow common sense. But modern philosophy has broken loose from the moorings of common sense and run adrift on the quicksands and shoals of fallacious and extravagant theories. Clear thought brings on ability to speak and write the mother tongue correctly and forcibly. The thought breeds the word and makes it like unto itself. The clear thought makes the clear expression but the obscure thought assumes a garb confused, sometimes to the verge of absurdity.

Clearness is the first law of style. The misty clouds of modern thought have bred a literature hazy and unintelligible, when it is not altogether meaningless, quite different from those wonderful classics, whose first aim it was to express common sense and the deepest feelings of the human heart in a lofty but clear cut style.

The perfect mastery of the Mother tongue, token and instrument of deep

knowledge, will also procure a larger capacity for friendship and increased ability to appreciate people according to their worth.

People living in Plato's somber caves, only see passing shadows which they mistake for permanent realities; a sickly stomach cannot appreciate wholesome food; colored glasses will change the color of things; the frog of the well knows nothing of the broad ocean, as the Japanese proverb says.

So it is with people who have received no University education. They can hardly keep abreast of the times. Their faculties undeveloped or biased by their unavoidable contact with a corrupt world, experience great difficulty in appreciating persons and things at their right value and in choosing their friends.

They are easily deceived by appearances, take dress for gold, and coal dust for diamonds, contracting connections which will prove a source of trouble and sorrow for long years to come. The lofty summits of University knowledge will prove a precious point of vantage from which you will better measure the value of things and make a happier choice of friends, with whom to share the joys and sorrows of life.

Lastly University education should give a man high ideals of life and character and a fixed purpose to be of service to humanity.

The ideal is the purpose of life; it varies with individuals. What aim shall I pursue in life? Is it the satisfaction of the sensual appetites of my lower nature? But then what is the use of being born a man? Any brute could do my work. Shall I launch out into the business world and amass treasures of wealth simply to increase the number of misers? But is there anything meaner or more wretched than a miser?

Man of wealth and means! Why

not employ your surplus riches for the good of mankind? Raise to a higher level the standard of life of your less favored fellows; wipe away the tears of the widow and the orphan; educate the children of the poor, making them more able to enjoy the goods of life; embellish our country by building roads, bridges, hospitals, schools, and other monuments of public utility.

But this appeal for generous action is lost on the ears of the materialist, whose ideals of life never soar above the quagmires of egotism and sensual pleasure. Only men of High Character will aim at conquering a glorious immortality by sacrificing self and pleasure on the altar of patriotism and virtue. But what will give them the broad view of the world, the lofty aspirations that will enable them to trample on selfishness and sacrifice their life and possessions for the good of humanity? That is the crowning benefit of a Christian University Education.

The Christian University did I say? Yes, I deliberately answer, only the Christian University will secure the above mentioned advantages for the young man.

The most efficacious check to the tide of wild and ungovernable passions that sooner or later burst out in the heart of even the most civilized man, is the belief in Almighty God, and His sovereign rights and inflexible justice, rewarding every man according to his merits.

The history of ten thousand years bears witness to the truth of this assertion.

Yes, only the teaching of true Philosophy, which is limited to Christian philosophy, and the severe drill of the will in the performance of duty such as is practiced in Christian Universities, can and does tame the wild beast in the breast of man and makes him use the powers of science for his own true interest and that of mankind in general.

ALUMNI SECTION

JOHN S. BOYD, '19.—John writes us from "Logic," Aur, Scotland. He successfully passed a preliminary examination before getting his degree for mechanical engineering. He also thanks us for the commencement issue of the "Forward" which, he says, keeps him well supplied with news of his old Alma Mater. Good for you, Johnnie, your "Old School" wishes you the best of success in your final tests.

LESLIE WORDEN, '14.—Leslie has returned to Yokohama from the States after receiving his degree for accountancy at the U. of Syracuse. He intends to spend a few years at home before returning to America. Leslie pays us an occasional visit to give the Seniors a real good bit of advice on commercial lines. Your talks are surely doing a lot of good, Leslie, and are fully appreciated. His home number is 236 Bluff.

VADIM D. JELTENKO, '22.—Vadia has successfully entered the U. of California as a Class A student, having only had to pass an entrance examination in English. He finds studies comparatively easy, due to the excellent foundation given him at S. J. C. Good luck to you, Vadia, aim high and be sure you will not hit low. We hope you'll pay us a visit when you get thru with the university. His address is 2538 Bancroft Way, Berkeley, Cal.

HERBERT G. BENNETT, '16.—Herbert, better known as Bertie has a reliable position as second in charge of the Moji branch of the Vacuum Oil Company. He hopes to be able to do something as regards the new building. Photography, his favorite hobby, occupies a great deal of his time, and we hear he has become a regular expert at

it. Don't forget us when you take your masterpiece, Bertie. C/o The Vacuum Oil Company, Osaka Mainichi Building, Kiyotaki-machi, 1 chome, will find him.

GERALD MORIN.—Gerald sends us word that he is a Freshman at Camp St. Paul, where he is beginning to stop thinking of the many wonders he beheld in Japan. He is anxious to keep in touch with his old Alma Mater and desires the "Forward" regularly.

KNUT OLSEN, '17.—Our old friend Knut states that he has started out on a career which he hopes will turn out to be successful. He intends to take a trip back to Japan sometime around X'mas. Success to you, Knut, and don't forget to pay us a visit. He resides at 7 Universitetsgt, Kristiania, Norway.

RICHARD CARROLL.—Drops us congratulations. Please allow a '06 to congratulate all concerned in the most interesting periodical "Forward." It is well edited, most interesting and "full of pep." You have an "old boy's" best wishes.

I certainly feel proud and happy that my old college has made such strides towards reaching the acme of an educational institution and I trust, before long, to have the pleasure and satisfaction of seeing my Jim (age 4 at present) come home after school to tell "Daddy" all about the Movies and Boy Scouts and Music and so forth which you lucky fellows have and which we "old boys" did not.

EDWARD CARROLL, '09.—Eddie's address was stated as 72 Yamashita Cho, in the last issue. From knowledge

received of late we are told that he is connected with Messrs. S. L. Jones & Co., San Francisco. He is now temporarily in Kobe.

WILLIAM RUSSELL, '10.—Willie acknowledges receipt of the last issue of the "Forward" while in the hospital recovering from an operation. What he appreciated most were the excellent sentiments expressed in the Graduation address by Dr. J. E. de Becker. He recently paid us a visit to bid his old professors good-bye before leaving for a trip to the States.

ALBERT AND THEODORE WORDEN, '22.—Our popular student, Ted, commonly known as "Fat," writes us from San Jose, Cal. He, together with his brother Al, also '22 is attending the College of the Pacific of that city. He states that the people are sociable and all that, yet he misses his crowd at Yokohama. There's nothing like good old Yoko, is there "Fat?" Forget it, old boy, keep smiling. Albert mentions his impressions upon the beauty of the city of Honolulu, where he met Mr. Eiben, a former professor of the St. Joseph's College.

CHARLES PEDERSEN, '22.—Chas. has entered the University of Dayton, at Dayton Ohio. He likes the city; and all the fellows, he says, are gentlemen. Already he is a sworn devotee of American football but being a little on the light side, he says he is not in it. Nevertheless, he is a candidate for the Freshman basketball team. Let's see your name on the Freshman team in the next Exponent, Charlie.

MR. A. TAPKE.—Says: This paper (The Forward) was most interesting to me—I might say surprisingly so, as we of the Western country, while somewhat in touch with the Eastern hemisphere by means of news items that reach us thru the medium of our daily

papers, somehow or other feel that much of that country in the East is so far from American development.

"FORWARD" is a splendid means to dispel illusions of that kind; it is first of all nicely gotten up; the printing arrangements I might say are equal to anything that we in our own country accomplish in these.

The illustrations from halftones very well executed and the contents, its various numbers spoken and written tell in their own way of the spirit of the Eastern country, the intelligence of the individual and above all the illuminating path that the College of St. Joseph is opening wide to the inhabitants of the East.

I read with particular pleasure the address by Dr. J. E. de Becker—what a masterful, intelligent address that was, and how beautifully he opened the world with its wonders and its necessities to the graduating class of 1922.

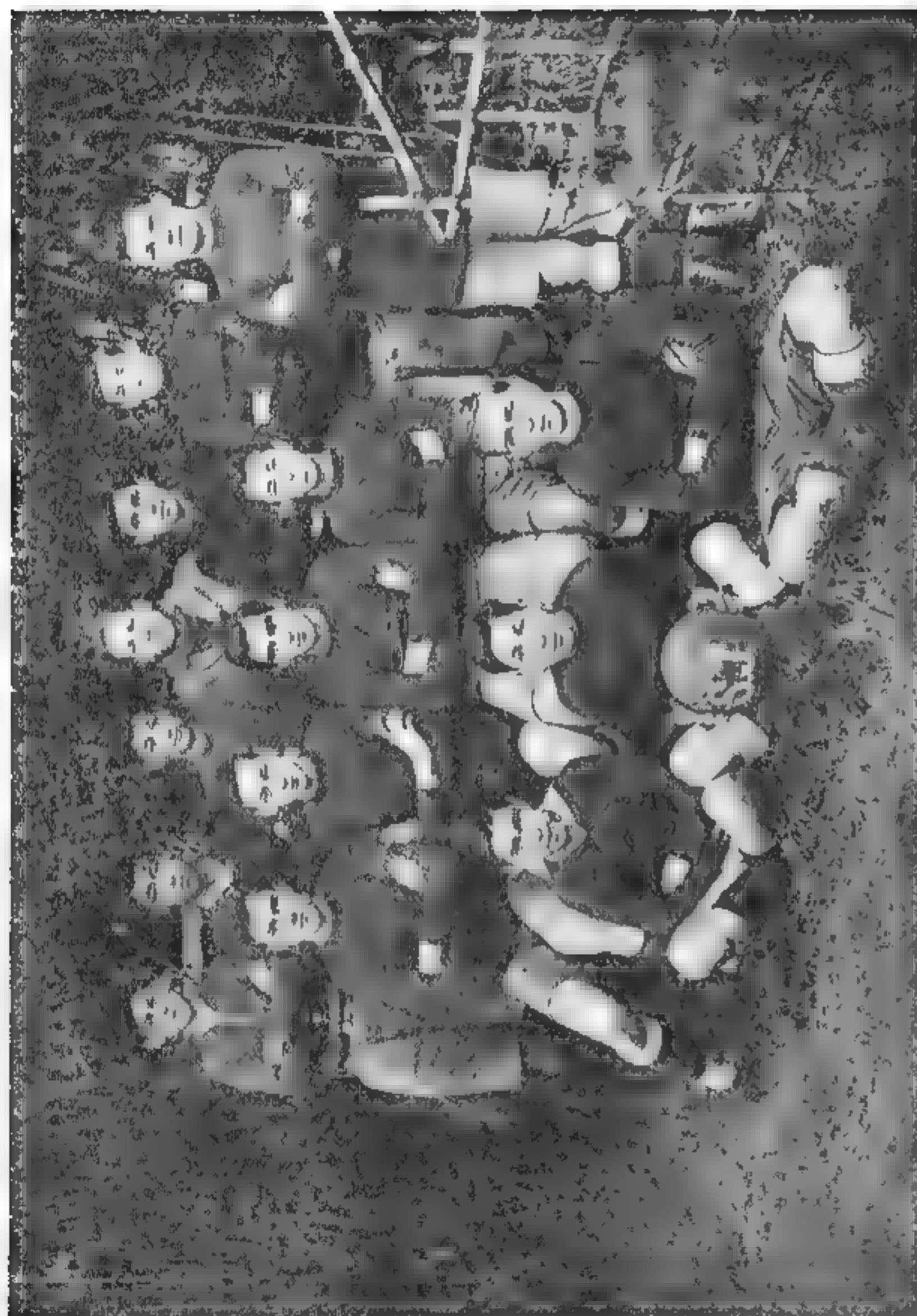
MR. LEHMHOFF:—Your favor of August 7th reached me promptly, but "Forward" No. 8 reached me today only. You can readily understand that I did not want to acknowledge your letter before I had "Forward," and read your editorial on Education, which struck me very forcibly, and I certainly hope it brought home the desired effect.

From Hongkong comes the pleasing news that Walter Curtis has entered into partnership with his former classmate Finan. His card:

CURTIS & FINAN

Hydro-Electrical Engineers
Sanitary Installations

D. Daver '22 visited the College to bid goodbye to his former teachers and friends. He is now in Shanghai where he will enter the commercial activities of the port.



St. Joseph's College Football Team

A. DRESSER K. KAWAZOIE E. JUNGERS G. JELTENKO I. VOLKOFF C. CURTIS I. TRUHN
G. JOLLES G. FACHMANN S. ANTONIANTZ S. DRESSER
G. LYSON P. WALLACE T. OLSEN

SPORTS

ON October the 11th the St. Joseph's College played a baseball game against the Grand Hotel in which the S. J. C. team proved its superiority. G. Fachtmann our "BABE" made several fine hits that day. The game ended with a score of 9 to 4 in our favor.

In our second game with the Grand Hotel we won again. Their pitcher was a nervous wreck when the game ended. We hit his balls all over the field and played a real merry-go-round game. The score was 11 to 2 in our favor.

On the 21st. of October the Tokyo Morning Star boys came down to have a game with us. They gave us a pretty

good game this time, it was not so easily won. We got a good lead at the beginning but after the fifth inning through some of our errors they nearly tied the score. The Morning Star Captain made several fine plays and a very nice hit over the left fielder. We won this game with a score of 11 to 7.

On the 28th of October we went up to Tokyo to play a match with the Astra Club. Up till the eighth inning the score was pretty even but in the last inning they ran away with us. We will admit that they are far superior to us. The game ended with a score of 18 to 6 in favor of the Astra.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

College Cinema Club :

OUR Cinema Club has become very flourishing and a large and eager crowd attends each Saturday. The great attraction that brings them in is the splendid serial "With Stanley in Africa," starring George Walsh and Louis Lorraine. It is Universal's great chapter play re-creating one of history's most dramatic adventures, namely Stanley's search for Livingstone. Censors, parents, and teachers all say; "Go to it." Its educational value is undeniable and most of the boys know more about Africa after seeing this serial than if they had read a whole book upon the subject. George Walsh is just the type of hero that children love. He is a college graduate—Fordham University (a Jesuit school) is his Alma Mater—where he was one of

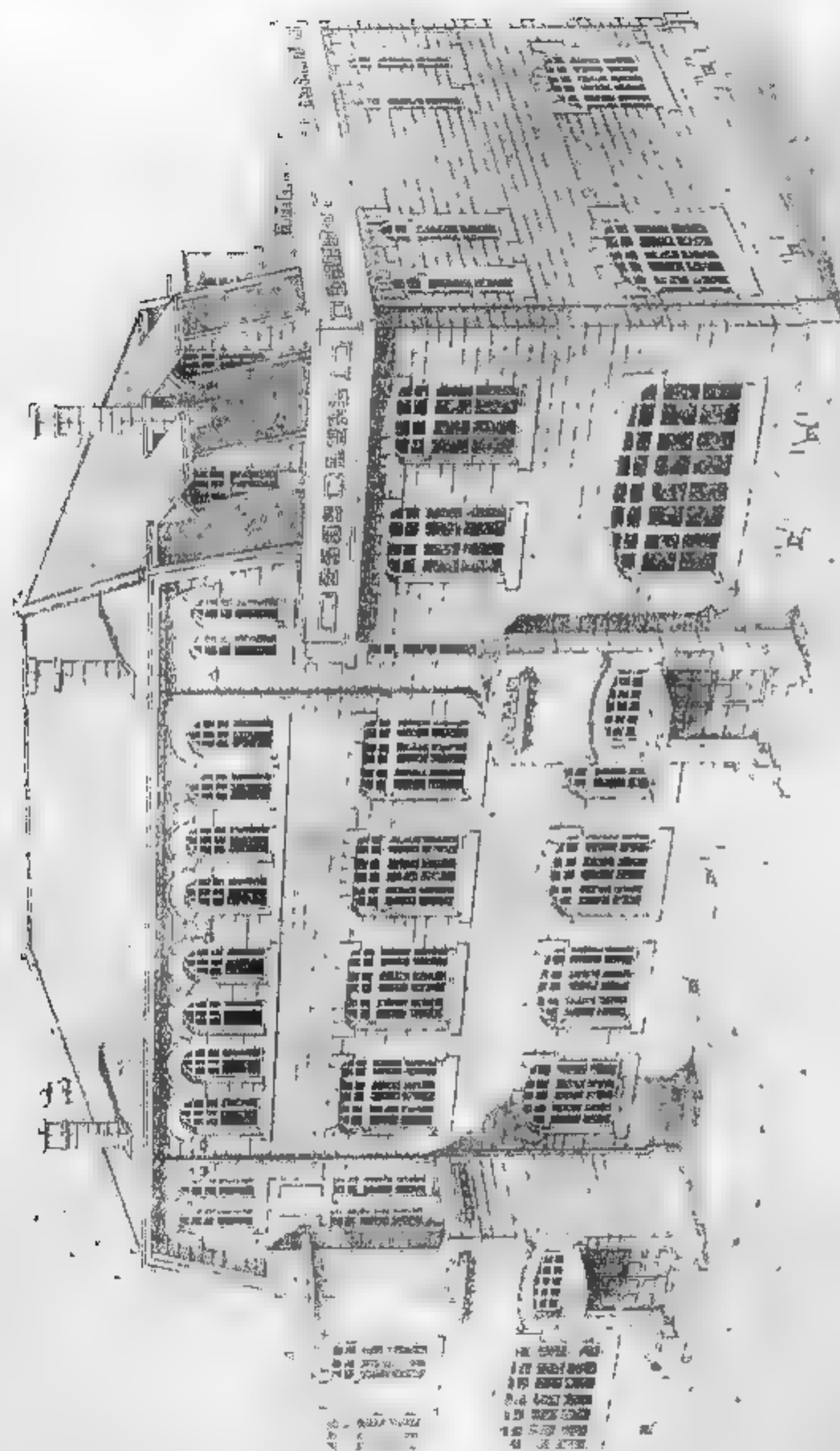
the stars of the football squad and an all-round athlete of exceptional ability. In the near future we will have another of these great serials, and in all probability there will be even a larger crowd to see

Robinson Crusoe :

Another of those clean, thrilling, chapter plays that Universal produces. Big adventure, wholesome thrills, and all out of one of the most famous stories ever written. There are sure to be many "Robinson Crusoes" at school before the serial is finished, as there are "George Walshes" now, for these are two types of heroes that appeal to every boy.

Visit of French Sailors :

Some weeks ago the wireless operators from the French submarine chaser "Altair" visited our school and gave



ST JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SCHOOL DEPARTMENT. (Yokohama 85 Bluff.)

us some practical advice in regard to our wireless set. They also gave us some hints how to make our cinema machine more efficient.

Class Activities :

To promote class spirit each class has elected a *president*. This officer represents the class to which he belongs. Besides him there is a *secretary* and *treasurer*. The following are the officers of the different classes :

Seniors :—

*President :—*O. VAN ZANDT
*Secretary } :—*G. IVISON
Treasurer }

CLASS COLORSPurple and Gold

Juniors :—

*President :—*G. XAVIER
*Secretary :—*BALDEN
*Treasurer :—*H. MAHR

CLASS COLORS ..Light Blue and Gold

Sophomores :—

*President :—*AGAFUROFF
*Secretary } :—*L. COX
Treasurer }

CLASS COLORSGreen and Orange

Freshmen :—

*President :—*S. DRESSER
*Secretary :—*G. WEED
*Treasurer :—*A. AGAJAN

CLASS COLORSBlack and Orange

Senior Jazz Band :

The senior class has organized a jazz band that is a real credit to the class. Regular meetings for practice are held and the peculiarity of the band is that everybody in the class plays something,

for the seniors are a jazzy lot. The band was organized by Peter Wallace under whose able leadership it has gained its present stand.

Junior Orchestra :

The juniors with their usual enterprising spirit have also started a band. It is however still in its infancy so may the baby grow.

Our New Building :

Our new building is beginning to take shape. Day by day the work goes steadily on. It is expected that the structure will be finished about June and the seniors have hopes of being the first to graduate from it.

Sodality of the B. V. M.

The sodality of the B. V. M. which was started three years ago is getting on very fine. The officers for this year are as follows :—

*President :—*T. OLSEN
*Secretary :—*G. XAVIER
*Treasurer :—*C. CURTIS

There are about fifteen members, some new ones and some who have been sodalists for these three years. A sodalist football team has been started but no games have yet been played.

Inter Class Baseball :

Since the commencement of the first school term in September an inter-class baseball championship has been going on. (For further particulars see sport section). These games take place at our new ground at "Ocean View" or "Jackson Hill," as it is called. It is a large tract of land and we are proud to play other teams on our own grounds.

Addition to the School Library :

We wish to give a vote of thanks to Mr. Dresser for his beautiful gift of a complete set of war pictorials. These interesting books are a valuable acquisition to our library.

Prize offered for best Class Spirit :

A prize has been offered by an anonymous donor for the senior who during the whole school year would do the most to promote class spirit. All are striving for it and this may be the reason for the fine class spirit shown by all the classes.

Our New Candy Stand :

A new candy stand adorns the rotunda where we have our cinema shows. It is a big cage-like affair and the stranger who visits our cinema is first attracted to investigate in that direction by the crowd of boys that surround it. *Standing faithfully* at his post behind the stand, is our candy seller in chief, Burjor Mehta (I think it is spelt correctly) carrying on a roaring trade.

S. J. C Band :

The school orchestra which was organized last year with so much success has been reorganized under the able direction of Mr. James D. Miller. All success to you "Jimmy."

Senior Outing :

The Senior class came to the conclusion that a few days in Yamakita would do them a world of good and so on Sunday November 29 we all collected at the school and started on our journey. The train left Yokohama station at 2.30 and reached Yamakita at 5. We repaired to the *besso* and prepared everything for the night. We then had supper and soon after took our instruments and on the hillside played jazz music to the moon.

On awakening next morning we found to our delight that it was a gorgeous day. After partaking of a good breakfast we packed up what we needed for the day and commenced our day's tramp. The way lay alongside the river which runs between tall and beautiful mountains. We followed the stream until we came to the "American Falls" where we had dinner. We

rested for about an hour and then started on our return journey. The road now lay along the ridge of the mountain and not by the stream. To get to the top of the mountain was the hardest work of the day. A labourer who had been hired to show us the way went up the hill at a terrific pace and so when we reached the top we were pretty near done in. The rest of the way lay alongside of the mountain, but it was a long walk and so we were very glad when we at last reached the *besso*.

The following day, the last day at Yamakita, was spent in examining the noted Yamakita caves. It was slightly dangerous because of the projecting rocks, but we were lucky enough not to get hurt. At 5.30 we left Yamakita, and reached Yokohama at about 7.00. The stay had been for only three days, but it was voted by everyone to have been a great success. Cooks! Yes, three of them, Peter Wallace, K. Kobayashi, and Louis Horio. These three magicians did some wonderful stunts besides those of the culinary art; they kept the costs down and a boy's appetite satisfied.

On the 30th of October the Minims under the care of Mr. Higli had their annual excursion. They went to Tsurumi where they had a gorgeous time on the giddy-go-round and down the chute. They returned late in the evening tired but happy and content.

Meanwhile the big boys went to join the Seniors at Yamakita, where they spent the day with them.

THE GREATER ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE FUND KEEPS A-GROWING

Anonymous	Yen 100.00
"	" 25 00
"	" 25.00
Mr. Russell	" 250 00
A. W.	" 20.00
L. Viel	" 20.00
G. C. Allcock	" 100 00
Standard Oil Co., N. Y.	" 250.00
L. B. Mehta	" 500.00
		(100.00 acknowledged)

Z. L. Tung	" 50.00
Mr. & Mrs. Shaw and		
Masters Shaw	" 800.00
		(500.00 acknowledged)

Previously acknowledged	26,433.92
Grand Total	27,973.92

The next report of gifts received will appear next Easter.

Send your contributions to the Director of the College.

The last week of November was set aside by the College to aid the Starving Children of Russia. Well and hard did the boys work, clothes, money and sacrifices were added to make the sum total of their efforts to help a good cause. Their combined efforts produced the goodly sum of ¥ 160.78 which has been sent to the direct aid of the afflicted. God's blessing will surely follow each and every act you have done for this grand and noble work. Thanks are especially due to Mrs. Worden, the Universal Film Co. and the Parents of the boy.

RUSSIAN RELIEF FUND.

Cinema	Yen 88.50
Sale of Candy	" 10.00
Fourth High	" 7.50
Third High	" 6.28
Second High	" 34.10
First High	" 18.00
Sixth Prep.	" 16.20
Fifth Prep.	" 9.80
Fourth Prep.	" 8.66
Third Prep.	" 9.75
Second & First	" 6.79
Sale of Newspaper	" .60

The Senior Jazz Band willingly gave their services for the Charity Cinema Entertainment held at the Gaiety on Dec. 6th. Their music was well appreciated even by the most jazzy.

The Candy Store at the College owes its great popularity to the untiring work of "Grandmother," boys, so let us not forget to give her our biggest, sweetest smile.

On December the 8th under the auspices of the Sodality was held in the Rotunda a literary and musical meeting, which was quite a treat for the boys who honored it by their presence.

Its special feature was: short and good. Little Jack's Letter won general sympathy; the Sunday Players carried off universal applause; but the impromptus of Masters Masson and Gomes, literally split with merriment the sides of the whole house.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE CHARITY FUND REPORT.

On December 5th, 1922, the Charity Fund report stood as follows:

Yen 28.29,	brought forward from preceding term.
Yen 24.95,	proceeds of ordinary term collections.
Yen 160.78,	proceeds of extra collection made for the starving Russian children.

Total Yen 213.97

From this sum :

Yen 160.78,	went to the starving Russian children.
Yen 30.00,	went to the Lepers of Gotemba.
Yen 3.00,	went to the individual poor.
Yen 195.78,	Total Expenses.
Yen 18.24,	Balance on hand.

The pupils also gave a goodly amount of old clothes which were all distributed among the poor of Yokohama, and the Russian Refugees of Korea.

Freshmen Dramatic Club :

We have heard of, but not seen a projected dramatic club that the Freshmen are organizing. We request the Freshies to kindly raise the curtain.

How we spend a rainy Day :

Our latest acquisition is a huge mat on which wrestling matches and boxing bouts take place. On a rainy Wednesday this comes in very handy. A large crowd usually comes to witness the trials of strength between ambitious young boxers and wrestlers.

Our Radio Set :

We now have a powerful radio receiving set. Our apparatus is American and the most efficient obtainable. It was bought for the purpose of receiving

the radiophone entertainments now being broadcasted from Tokio. The set is operated by the Seniors under the supervision of Mr. Janning. Our chief operator is C. Van Zandt a real wizard and "Consulting Engineer" in the realm of radio.

Encyclopedia Britannica :

We have received a complete set of 86 Volumes of the Encyclopedia Britannica, and we wish to render a vote of thanks to Mrs. Worden the kind donor.

BOY SCOUTS

T. OLSEN (Scribe)

The officers of the Second Yokohama Troop of St. Joseph's College, are as follows :—

Assistant Scout Master	P. WALLACE
Flag Bearer	K. KOBAYASHI
Scribe	T. OLSEN
Photographer	G. WEED

The troop consists of eight patrols.....

SENIOR DIVISION.

1. Bear Patrol	P. L. K. KOBAYASHI
2. Flying Eagle Patrol	P. L. T. OLSEN
3. Stag Patrol	P. L. B. MEHTA
4. Eagle Patrol	P. L. G. XAVIER

JUNIOR DIVISION.

1. Wolf Patrol	P. L. DALY
2. Lion Patrol	P. L. H. PRICE
3. Buffalo Patrol	P. L. DANTE
4. Horse Patrol	P. L. OTANI

Senior leading patrol	Flying Eagle Patrol
Second leading patrol	Stag Patrol

Junior leading patrol	Wolf Patrol
Second leading patrol	Lion Patrol

On Dec. 8th the troop with the assistance of several volunteers gathered a large amount of clothes for the Russian Refugees in Korea.

ARMISTICE DAY.

On Nov. 11th the whole troop went out to pay tribute to those who fell in the late war. The different patrols lined up in front of the new Memorial Arch at the cemetery, and a three minutes silence was observed after which the taps were blown.

JOKES
Funiest Fun

J. BUDGE '23.

COLORS.

TEACHER :—Objects are colors.....
(*just then he saw a student fooling*)

TEACHER :—(*angrily*) ; What do you think you are in here ?

STUDENT :—Why ? A collection of colors.....

PROVE IT.

JOHNNY :—Father, how do you pronounce this word.

Ignorant Father ; Well, well don't you know how to pronounce such an easy word. It shows your neglect in your studies ; if not, prove it.

SNAPPY.

BALDEN :—Hallow, Ivy.

IVISON :—I'm not hollow.

SMART.

One day the Seniors had to answer a challenging letter from the Juniors. The Senior typist was called to write a letter, dictated by the president of the class.

"But I thought....." began Bob.
"Oh. Be quiet. It's not your business to think. Write what I say." After a few minutes Bob handed him the following letter ;

"Juniors !.....No. I believe they are worth buttering up a bit. Our dear Juniors. With regard to your letter of.....Hey Tom what the Dickens was the date those boobs 18th eh ?.....'18th we condescend to accept the——' sapristi..... what on earth was that silly name. Oh———"Electricity Is More Useful Than Water' You'll see those Junior nuts beaten to pots——(*Signed*). The Seniors' Thank goodness that's done."

MISUNDERSTOOD.

TEACHER (*dictating*) ; Plato says the soul *pree*xisted as a pure spirit....
IVY ; "Was it alchohol, sir ?".....

FISH.

TEACHER ; Who is the king of Sardinia ?

BRIGHT STUDENT ; A big fish.....

A HOWLING EXAMPLE.

One of the most frequently appearing instances of every day life in Japan is the dog. He is met under most trying circumstances, particularly at night. He is seen on the street in all forms, sizes, and colors. He is long, short, thin, fat and all included. He has a good voice and he uses it to his dis-

No Flowers

R. MASTER '24.

advantage. He is always seen in the best of breeds, most commonly known as a thorough-bred Mongrel. His is in great demand as extinct. He often comes in contact with the footgear worn by the population at which instances he shows his system to be of a retiring nature.....

It was the curious custom in a certain village for the well-to-do inhabitants to make good any loss the villagers might sustain through the death of their livestock. A retired financier, who had

only recently settled in the village being ignorant of this practice, was considerably puzzled by the visit of a labourer's wife who explained that she had lost a pig.

"I do not know of its whereabouts," explained the bewildered new comer.

"What I mean, sir, is, of course, the pig died," nervously explained the woman.

"Well! what do you want me to do?" cried the exasperated man, "Send a wreath?"

Absent-Minded

G. XAVIER '24.

When my friend X was in the prime of manhood, he followed the surgical profession and was well known in his field of work. But, unfortunately he possessed a fault attributed to people who concentrate their minds on one thing; he was absent-minded.

One day he was invited to a grand dinner party to which were also invited persons of high social rank. Though engaged on a very difficult medical problem, he accepted with pleasure. As he was the most distinguished guest

present, he was requested to carve the roast chicken. He set to work at once and carved the fowl as if operating on it. Having finished, he frowned a bit then rummaging in his pockets, he brought forth some absorbent cotton and safety pins, and before the astonished assembly could utter a word, he began dressing the bird. The latter operation finished, he turned to the guests with a benign smile and said: "Let us hope that with due care and attention, our patient will soon be up!"

His Non-Stop Swim

R. J. MASTER '24.

Two colored gentlemen had a heated discussion about their ability as long-distance swimmers, and a local sportsman arranged a race. The man who could swim the longest was to receive ten dollars. "Alabama Whale" donned his swimming suit immediately, but "Human Hydroplane" said he

had to attend to some business and would return in a few minutes. "Whale" swam around for twenty minutes, for exercise, and by that time "Hydroplane" had returned. He had a sheet-iron cooking stove strapped to his back. Tied around his neck were a dozen packages, containing bread,

Sovereign Bait

R. J. MASTER '24.

flour, bacon and other eatables. "Whale" gazed at his opponent in surprise. "Whar yo' vitals?" demanded "Human Hydroplane."

"Vitals fo' what?" asked "Whale."

"Don't yo' axe me foh nuffin on de way ovah," warned "Human Hydroplane."

"Mah fust stop am San Francisco."

Jenkins, who had gone to a shop that sold everything, to make a few purchases, happened to notice a sovereign lying on the floor——a whole, round, golden sovereign. Quivering with excitement, and glancing cautiously round

to see that no one was watching him, he dropped, quite accidentally of course, one of his gloves over the coin. Then, stooping, he proceeded to pick up his glove; but the sovereign did not accompany it. He made a second attempt, with the same result. As he was contemplating the wisdom of a third endeavour, a shop walker approached him and said: "Good evening, sir! Allow me to show you a bottle of our famous liquid glue. You, no doubt, are aware of its sticking powers——." But Jenkins had vanished.

(1922-1923)

The "Forward" Magazine

St. Joseph's College

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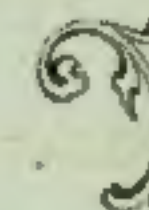
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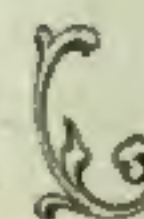
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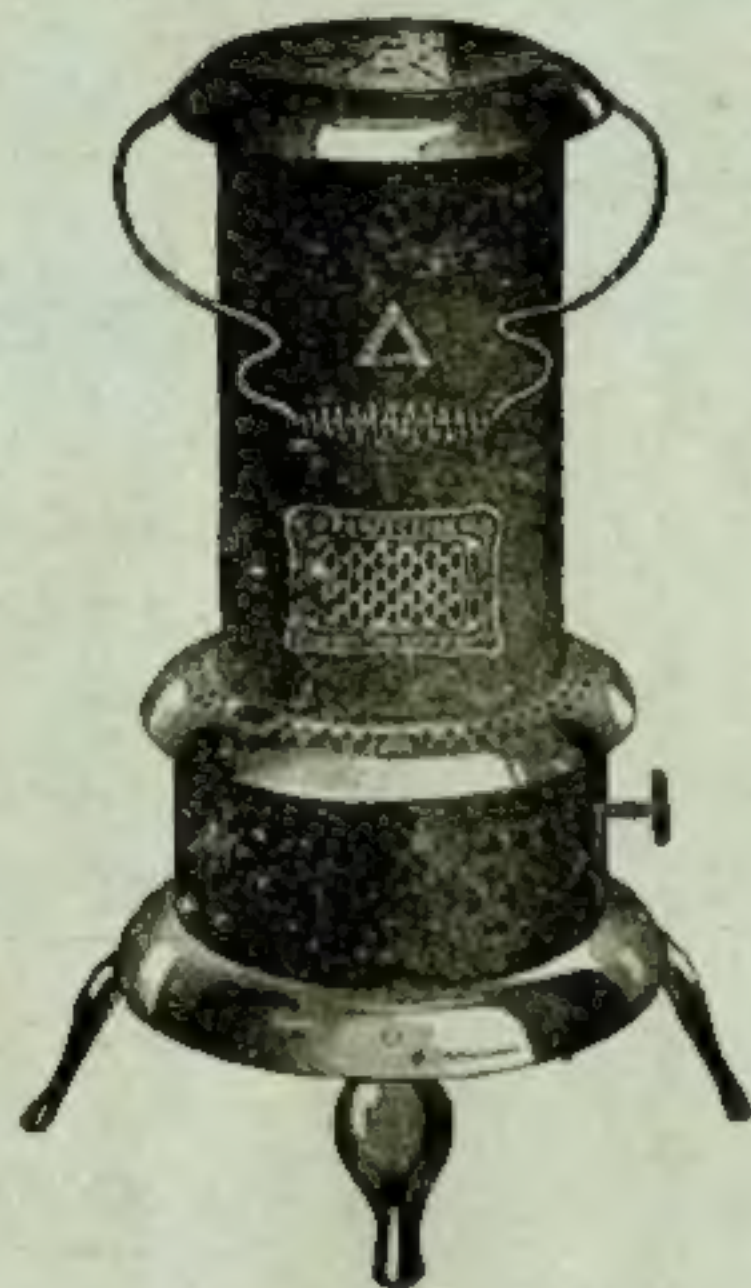
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